

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH IT? VACATION TIME, WE MEAN

There Are as Many Ways of Spending It as There Are Kinds of Humans

By JANE DIXON.

VACATION time again! And, by the way, when you get it, what are you going to do with it? A staggering question truly. Never mind what Gen. Obregon said to Gen. Scott or what the President wrote to the Kaiser. We can have wars in Mexico any time, and the correspondence between Wilson and William is as voluminous as that of a pair of young lovers. But vacation—vacation comes but once a year. And when it comes—oh, welcome little stranger!

Two whole months or two whole weeks or two whole days—what is the

All year the wife listens to the chatter about fishing tackle and game decoys and herds of deer. The nearest she ever comes to a tramp through the woods is on winter evenings when her husband sits by the fire and tells some of the boys what a "wiz" he is with the gun. She has heard the fish he almost landed on his last Isaac Walton trip grow from a ten pound bass to something resembling an adult whale. And yet, when the lord and master of her household announces his intention of taking a vacation she buckles on his armor and sends him forth to enjoy his hour of play.



Father's first vacation in nine years.

"Women have a pretty soft snap," he is saying to himself as he goes on his way after he has shouted a few parting instructions that will keep the wife busy ten hours a day all the time he is gone. Nothing to do but hang around the house all day."

At that very moment the one accused of having a soft snap is darning a new pair of knees into Willie's socks in a hurry because she has to put up three dozen jars of strawberry jam before night, and straighten up the house, which looks as if it had been hit by a Kansas tornado on account of her husband's packing, and see the plumber about that leak in the kitchen sink and attend to five or six other errands which are urgent. Outside of that she has nothing to do until to-morrow.

And this has gone on ever since the hunt and fish fan promised to cherish and protect her. If you suggested his giving her a vacation he would tell you she has never had anything else.

You know the man who discusses where he will go for his vacation all year and then invariably decides to take it at home. How the family does dread it! All day father sits around the house, mumbling and grumbling. He finds fault with everything from the color of the wall paper to the polish on the kitchen stove. Mother says he acts more like an old maid than a man, and she wishes he'd go some place, anywhere, so the rest of us could enjoy his vacation too.

We have also the girls who think they will stay right in town where they can revel in the luxuriant crop of summer widowers and run down to the beaches every day for a dip and a dance. The idea is lovely until the mercury hops out of the top of the thermometer and frizzes on the floor. For two mortal evenings they might as well be on a desert island as where they are. The telephone never even tinkles.

Over their twentieth load drink they

read a letter from Ethel. She is having oh, such a wonderful time. Just lives in her bathing suit from morning until night and bolls on the beach. And there's the nicest young broker there; he has a car and in the evenings they go for a spin; in fact she must close and will write more to-morrow because the nice young broker is waiting for her this very minute. He came down to spend a week, but he is going to stay until she goes home.

"There is no use talking," they agree when Ethel arrives with a little token of affection from Tiffany's decorating the third finger of her left hand, "what a girl needs during her vacation is a change of environment. Roof gardens are cool, but they are too clubby. The second a man starts to say something romantic the orchestra breaks into 'I Sent My Wife to the Thousand Islands' or some touching little ballad like that, and there is nothing to do but forget it and fox-trot."

"Besides, it is a safe bet that a good two-thirds of the men present have a sympathetic interest in the song. We'll never get any place camping on a staked claim."

"You have learned your lesson," smiles Ethel, twirling the token from Tiffany's with a proud smile of possession. "For landing something permanent you cannot beat a combination of silvery moonlight, sad sea waves, gentle breezes, distant music, and loneliness. The man who will not weaken in such a stage setting is a bachelor by birth."

Did you ever happen to run across the girl who bids all her friends farewell the day before she leaves for Narragansett or Newport? If they could only know the secret of her vacation!

Every day you will find her up on the roof nursing along one of the finest coats of tan ever acquired on land or sea. When she sallies forth from the house at the end of her al-

It's a Topic to Thrill Whether You Take Two Weeks, Two Months or None

lotted time she looks as if she had been playing tag with the sun and surf for weeks. She weaves a lot of regular Robert Chambers stories, in which counts and barons and millions pursue her all over the place. With the aid of the roof tan she puts the vacation fiction over so well



Always going on a hunting trip with "the boys."

In town, that letter from a cool summer resort.

difference so long as it is vacation? To rest on the oars, to lean back in the boat, to relax the strained muscles, to let the mind yawn, to throw the heart into neutral and say with a luxurious sigh—"Nothing to do until to-morrow!" For one moment like this a whole year of work is not too big a price.

A man boasted the other day he had just taken his first vacation in nine years. Poor fellow! If he is not careful he will be forced to take a day off every year to cut the coupons. I asked him if he belonged to the grindstone trust and was trying to boost business. He said he had not worn out so many grindstones at that, because every now and then a legal holiday happened along and he was forced to take his nose away whether he wanted to or not. That was the only thing that saved the stone from springing a hot box.

"Reckless person," I chided. "I suppose at the end of the next nine years you'll go and spend another day all at the same time. Did you enjoy your vacation extravagance, wastrel time waster?"

"Yes," was the reply. "I had a pretty fair time, but I was a little worried about how things were going at the office."

And there you are. The man has forgotten how to play. He has been so busy getting ready to play that he has gone stale, and when he comes to taste of the fruits of joy they are as ashes—nothing more. He is like the athlete who trains so strenuously for the race that when the big event comes his muscles rebel and the poor runner in the field leaves him anchored to the track.

In the class with the nine year man is the fellow who romps cheerfully out of the family life whenever vacation time comes along and goes hunting or fishing. He is one of those unselfish souls, believing that no one in the family does any work except himself, and so concluding he is the only one really to need a vacation.

THE NEWS OF THE WEEK IN RHYME—By Dana Burnet

I.
THE flower of Democracy
Has bloomed in all its glory,
St. Louis's welkin rings again
With fervent oratory.
Chicago's welkin, by the way,
Is still severely dented.
The nation's ears
Are filled with cheers,
And Turkey has repented.



A week of grave misfortune.

II.
A week of grave misfortune fell
Upon the British lion.
Above the donkey's bray is heard
The voice of Mr. Bryan.
A bill to simplify divorce
Is in the Legislature—
Sir Henry Ford
Is greatly bored
By art of any nature.

III.
'Tis said that spinach, taken neat,
Will burnish one's complexion.
The Mexicans are suffering
From chronic insurrection.
A genius brewed some gasoline
From high explosive greases.
It drove his car
So fast and far
He never found the pieces.

IV.
The parlor trick, we understand,
Is coming into fashion.
To palm a card by sleight o' hand
Has ever been our passion.
An heiress wed her coachman's son
Because he had a dimple,
'Tis very high
To live or dye—
And isn't punning simple?



If it didn't touch the water.

V.
A thoughtful dowager devised
A tea gown for her daughter
Which could be used for bathing—if
It didn't touch the water!
An ocean monster flipped his tail
At Boston, on a Sunday,
The brutal beast!
He might at least
Have waited till a Monday.

VI.
The German Emperor, we hear,
Is growing very pensive.
The Giant band has lately planned
Another great offensive.
The price of ink is so enhanced
One should not waste it lightly.
'Tis said the sun
Is almost done,
And thus we exit, brightly.



He never found the pieces.

THE FABLE OF THE LAZY BOY

By John Held



Once upon a time there was a lazy boy. Everybody said "He won't amount to anything."



His father had to threaten to get any work out of him.



So the boy invented a machine to do his chores and finished his nap.



A rich man came along and bought his invention.



He saved the home for the old folks. Moral: Laziness is often the mother of invention.